

The Middleburgh Post.

T. H. HARTER.

He that will not reason is a bigot; he that cannot is a fool; he that dare not is a slave.

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR

VOL. XXIII

MIDDLEBURGH, SNYDER CO., PENN'A, SEPTEMBER 30, 1886.

NO 39

POETRY:—

Pride Before a Fall

BY PHILIP BURROUGHS STRONG.

Once I read a Mongol fable,
And I'll tell it now to you;
Thinking it may teach a lesson,
As good fables always do.

Two old geese about to journey
Southward, one fine autumn day,
By a frog were much entreated
To be taken on their way.

Now, these geese were most obliging,
Just as you and I should be;
And they said they'd gladly do it,
If some way they could but see.

Whereupon the frog, proceering
From the sword a stalk of grass,
Said if they the ends would grapple
He could bring the thing to pass.

Then, himself the middle seizing
Firmly in his spacious mouth,
They proceeded on their journey
Safely toward the sunny South.

As they traveled thus together,
They were witnessed from below
By some men, who gazed and marvel'd,
As would any one, I trow.

Loudly they expressed their praises,
Admiration and surprise,
Wondering greatly who this very
Novel carriage did devise.

And the frog, in his vainglory,
Opening wide his mouth to tell
That 'twas he who had invented
The device that worked so well,

Lost his hold, and falling swiftly—
Whirling, whirling out of breath,
On the rocks was dashed to pieces,
And for boasting met his death.

MORAL.

Better far let others praise you,
For, though braggers do not meet
Always such a fatal ending,
Boasting never is discreet.

HE DROVE OUT THE DEVIL.

When Robin Sperry went down
To Luckden to preach he had only
one friend there, but he made a
great impression on his hearers, and
in the "revivals that followed his ar-
rival a great many very singular
things were reported of him—
amongst others, that he had driven
the devil out of old James Borrow,
the notorious drunkard of the place;
and that people had seen him—the
devil—run down the hill and jump
into the lake. The truth of the
matter was that Robin was a sensa-
tional young preacher, and that he
had set people thinking. But talk-
ing and exaggeration went on, and
the rumor grew, and the church was
filled as it had not been for years.

Walking home in the evening af-
ter one of the brightest meetings of
the course, arm in arm with his col-
lege friend, Silas Weld, Robin heard
more of what was reported of him
than he had heard before.

"I am sorry," he said, "I think
such things hurt religion, and also
hurt the preacher of whom they are
said."

"You are not hurt by it yet, any-
how," said Silas. "Margorie does
not believe in this nonsense, but she
calls you the best preacher she ever
heard."

"She is very kind, I am sure,"
said the young minister. "Who is
she?"

"She is the girl I am engaged to,
Robin," said Silas. "You must have
noticed her. She is the prettiest
girl in the place. She sits in the
third pew on the right, and wears a
purple velvet hat with tea roses on
it."

"Oh, yes, I've seen her," said
Robin and she is a very pretty girl,
indeed; and so that's Margorie?"

"We are very fond of each other,"
said Silas, "but her father and I are
not so fond. I am going to call
there this evening. Will you go
with me?"

"It is late for a call—half past
nine," said Robin.

"No doubt," replied Silas, "but I
have to go when I can. Her father
is away to-night. There is a meet-
ing of the Agricultural Association
at the hotel. They generally stay
until midnight; so this is my
time."

"You are responsible for the
hour," said Robin. "I shall not say
anything more about it. Take me,
if you think best, or leave me, if you
think better, when we get to the
door; we have been friends too
long not to be quite frank with each
other."

"Oh, I want you to know how
sorry I am for the hour," said Robin.

certain roads and lanes, to the door
of a substantial farmhouse, through
the windows of which cheerful lights
were visible.

"I think it is likely she is in the
sitting room," said Silas, opening a
gate which led through the orchard,
and making his way to a low door,
shaded by a porch, at which he
knocked in a rather peculiar man-
ner; and in an instant the door flew
open, and there stood Margorie
herself, a pretty picture with the
lamp light shining on her golden
hair.

"Margorie," said the young man,
"I have brought Robin Sperry to
see you. Miss Garnett, Mr. Sperry."

Margorie said:
"Walk in please. Silas, I am
glad to see you, you know; but pa
will not be late to night; he said
so. Pa is a little particular. Mr.
Sperry. He was a sea captain once,
and I think that makes him so; and
he is not very friendly yet to Silas."

"Then he will not think me rude
if I say do not stay long," said Mar-
gorie. "Pa would be glad to have
you call on him, Mr. Sperry," ad-
ded Margorie. "He admires you
preaching and so do I."

"Thank you," said Robin. "I
think it is very kind of you to tell
me so."

Robin said:
"Thank you," again; and they sat
together round the fire—the first
of the season—and very pleasantly
Margorie was hospitable, and cited
and doughnuts, which neither of the
young men were yet fastidious
enough to despise, were brought
from the store-room. Robin told
Margorie that should be permanent-
ly locate in the place his mother
would come to keep house for him
and Margorie declared that she
would be very glad.

"I love elderly ladies," she said,
"and you know I have not any one
mother, aunt or grandmother. I
hope your mother will like me."

Robin said that he knew she
would, and he thought also that it
would be well for Margorie if she
had such a wise counsellor; and over
the cider and cake they fell to
talking very pleasantly and merrily.
In the midst of this slow clumping
on the broad path became audible.
Suddenly the very pleasant chat was
interrupted. Margorie clasped her
plump hands, and Silas turned red.

"It is pa," whispered Margorie.
"Oh, I told you he would be early.
Silas. Hide yourself. Run into the
store-closet—run. Poor pa has
been taking too much hard
cider—I know it by his walk. He
always does at the agricultural
meeting. He will stop at nothing.
Hide yourself—hide in the store-
closet."

"You see, Robin," said Silas,
doubtfully, "he promised to kill me
if he found me in his house again—
and Margorie is nervous about it—
come."

"Thank you," said Robin, "go
yourself if you like."

And Margorie, who had never
ceased wringing and clasping her
hands, pushed Silas into the closet,
and turned to face her father, who
now stumbled in with rather irregu-
lar steps, and with a face as red as
one of his own prize boots after a
good boiling.

"Oh, pa," she cried, hypocritically,
"how nice and early you are! And,
here is the minister waiting to see
you."

"How do you do, dominie? said
Mr. Garnet. "Proud to see you,
I'm sure. Been to the agricultural
meeting. One of my yearly duties.
Sit down; sit down. Glad to see
you. Fill your glass. I mean got
out something to eat and drink,
Margorie."

"I have, Pa," said Margorie. "Do
not you see the pitcher?" And she
handed him a glass.

"Sweet cider," said Mr. Garnet,
contemptuously. "Well, boys and
girls, women and dominies like it, I
suppose. How is religion coming
out? Pretty brisk?"

Robin answered as best he could,
and cast an anxious glance toward
the store-closet.

"Sit down. Sit down, dominie,"
said Mr. Garnet. "Make yourself at
home. I have wanted to talk to
you this good while. They say you
can drive the devil out of folk. Now
tell me, how does he get into them?
Tell me that?"

"When Satan enters a man's
heart, it is through sin, of course,"
said he.

"What kind of sin? asked Mr.
Garnet, in a thick tipsy voice.
"Many. Murder, theft, lying and
drunkenness amongst others," said
Robin.

"Look here young man," said Mr.
Garnet, trying to rise, "I have got
plenty of hard cider aboard, I know.
Now if Satan is in me drive him out
I want to see him. Come now; go
at it. I am a good Methodist."

I think I had better take my leave
Miss Garnet, said Robin.
But before the words were out of
his lips the door of the store-closet
opened softly.

The light was suddenly extinguish-
ed, a smell of brimstone filled the
room, and an awful figure stood be-
fore them. Silas had possessed
himself of a box of matches, damp-
ed the ends and rubbed them over
his face and hands, and with two
more bunches blazing in his hands
stood before the horrified Mr. Gar-
net, his head tied up in a silk hand-
kerchief and a table cloth draping
his shoulders.

"You want to see me; here I am,"
he said, in hollow tones. "You re-
probate, look at me!"

Margorie shrieked; Robin stood
bewildered; Mr. Garnet sank on
his knees.

"Oh, dominie, keep him away," he
cried. "Oh, what am I to do?"

"Soften your hard heart," said
Silas. "Do not drink so much cid-
er, and allow your daughter to
marry the man of her choice, or I
will come and take you next Christ-
mas," and flourishing the flaming
matches, he dashed out of the door.

"Get up, Mr. Garnet," said Robin
"Get up, sir; in this chair. Miss
Garnet, will you light the lamp? Be
calm; be calm; and he held the
old man's hand in his.

"Dominie," gasped Mr. Garnet,
"you will not raise him again! There,
do not speak; listen. Why
do you suppose he came? Robin
was very wrong; he confessed this
afterwards, but he was very young
also, and in love himself with a girl,
who was far away and Silas was his
friend; and instead of making an
explanation of the facts he merely
answered:

"I think he told you himself why
he came.

"I know it is not right to drink to
much. I will swear off," said Mr.
Garnet. "But about letting Margorie
have Silas Weld, why, his grand-
father and my father, they went to
law about the three acre meadow,
and my mother used to say she had
no opinion at all of Mrs. Weld, his
ma."

"They were all dead, I believe
said Robin, all gone to their ac-
counts."

"Yes," said Mr. Garnet. "Yes—
that is true. A year—the old boy
said he would take me in a year, if I
did not let Silas have Margorie, Do-
minie, what is your opinion of Silas?"

"He will be good to your daugh-
ter," said Robin. "I—"

Oh, how wrong he was again. He
repented it afterwards in sackcloth
and ashes; but he finished the sen-
tence with:

"If I were you Mr. Garnet, after
what you have seen, I would not
tempt Satan."

A week from that day Mr. Garnet
surprised the temperance lodge by
taking the pledge, and shortly after
Margorie and Silas were married.

It surely was not his fault, but the
young minister's fame was greatly
increased by a report that he had
driven Satan out of old Mr. Garnet,
and the temporary sojourn which a
Methodist minister makes in any
place was a pleasant one for Buck-
den and for himself.

Over and over again he told him-
self that he had been accessory to a
very disgraceful sort of a trick, ut-
terly unworthy his dignity; but Silas
and Margorie were happy, and old
Mr. Garnet was a strong temperance
man, and Robin never made a con-
fession.

A touching sight—barrels in tiers
A girl always mentioned last—
Ann Soforth.

The way to make a lamp-lighter—
why, burn the oil out of it, of course.

The small boy when learning his
ABC, to the public.

Winding Up the Owl.

In one of the Bowery museums, in
a wire cage, is a monster owl, with
eyes as big as five-dollar gold-pieces.
A solemn-looking man wandered
from the serpent's den to the owl's
cage, and his eyes met those of the
captive bird. As he walked around
the cage the big, flat eyes of the owl
remained fixed upon him. He kept
on, and while the claws of the bird
clutched the rod on which it perched,
the eyes neither winked nor wavered.
Three times he made the circuit of
the cage, keeping his eyes fixed on
those of the owl. Then he halted,
still eyeing the bird, and a perplexed
look came over his face. Again
he started on, with quicker step, and
as often as he made the circuit of
the cage he closed one finger of his
open hand. After he had doubled
over seven fingers an attendant in
the museum came up and asked him
what it was all about.

"Go way," said the man, without
taking his eyes from the owl, and he
kept on around till he had closed the
other finger and both thumbs. Then
he halted, and still keeping his eyes
fixed on those of the owl, he said:

"I've walked around that owl ten
times since I began counting, and
three or four times before, and he
hasn't taken his eyes off of me yet,
nor let go the perch with his claws.
He ought to be pretty near wound
up, hadn't he?"

The museum man thought the
stranger was a crank, and went off
to attend to some boys who were
pestering the monkeys.

With the observation that he could
keep on walking as long as the owl
could keep turning his head around
without letting go with his claws, the
stranger started on. He made eight
or ten more circuits and then halted
and waited to see the owl's head fly
back like a piece of twisted india
rubber. But the owl's eyes remained
fastened upon him with a placid
look.

"Well, that beats me," said the
man, and he disappeared down the
stairway.

What puzzled the man has been a
puzzle to naturalists also. One of
the solutions is that after each turn
the owl's head flies back so quickly
that the human eye cannot detect
the movement.

RULES FOR HIGHWAYS.

Make the public roads neat and
smooth and pleasant and profitable
to travelers and in driving to market
Never throw rubbish of any kind
into highways in order to get rid of
it, nor deposit cordwood, logs or
timber at roadsides to frighten pass-
ing horses.

All owners who build their houses
facing square to the public roads
should show at least the same re-
spect to these roads that they do to
their own fields by excluding all
weeds.

Remove all loose stones from the
wheel track once a month, and all
fixed stones which strike and break
the wheels, jar the loads, rack the
harness, and tire the horses.

Where fixed stones cannot be re-
moved cover them with gravel or
other road material.

Remember that a fixed stone may
strike different wheels 1000 times
like a sledge-hammer, and cause
\$100 damage. To remove it might
cost 5 cents.

Never make a highway of much
sods or soft material scraped from
the side ditches, which is worked
into deep mud in wet weather, but
draw them into the barn yard for
the compost heap.

Where the road-bed has not a dry
bottom out a ditch in the middle
three feet deep, and lengthwise with
it, with side-escapes ditches at de-
pressions, and fill it with gravel or
broken stone, coarse below and
finer near the top.

Plant shade trees three or four
rods apart along the line to allow
air to circulate, sun to shine, and
mud to dry.

Keep the roadside smooth, mow
the grass for hay, and thus secure a
good track when the centre of the
road is encumbered with impass-
able snow drifts in winter.

In windy places, make the wind-
ward road fence of barbed wire, to
prevent the accumulation of drifts of
snow.

Most Excellent
J. J. Atkins, Chief of Police, Knox-
ville, Tenn., writes: "My family and
I are beneficiaries of your most ex-
cellent medicine, Dr. King's New
Discovery for consumption; having
found it to be all that you claim for
it, desire to testify to its virtue. My
friends to whom I have recommend-
ed it, praise it at every opportunity."

Dr. King's New Discovery for
Consumption is guaranteed to cure
Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, Asthma,
Whooping Cough, and every affection of the
Throat.

A Sailor's Thrilling Story.

"When I was an ordinary seaman,"
says an intelligent old sailor, "lying
in a harbor down Porto Rico way,
the chief mate, who was a great
bully, told me one day I shouldn't
go ashore. Out of spite, and being
a quick-tempered rascal, hated by
all hands, he hung about to see that
I didn't give him the slip. I was
determined to go ashore, and so
threw off my shoes and jacket and
look a leader off the fo'castle rail
and struck out. The mate puts with
a revolver and lets fly at me. There
was a moon and the water was full
of fire, and he could see me plain
enough.

"Finding he'd missed, and that I
was still swimming, he whips off half
his clothes, as I was afterward told,
and jumped in after me. I allow his
motion was to have drowned me
could he have come up with me.
Some of the hands looked on, and
they told me what happened. I
hadn't heard the mate jump, and
didn't, therefore, know he was follow-
ing me; but I thought he might
lower a boat, and I swam hard to
get ashore first, resolving to desert
that vessel, if so be I could get my
foot upon dry land.

"Well, it wasn't two minutes after
the mate had made his plunge when
I heard a frightful scream behind
me. All it did was to frighten me
though the sound of it nearly froze
my blood, and I went on sawing
through it arm over arm, till the wa-
ter was in a blaze all about me. I
got ashore and stood looking toward
the vessel, and seeing that no chase
was being made, I went leisurely in-
to the town and made a night of it.

"Next morning a man asked me if
I was the young chap that had jump-
ed overboard to swim ashore. I
said yes.

"Well, then," says he, "mate fol-
lowed you and saved your life."

"How'd ye mean?" says I.

"Why," he says, "a minute after
you were in the water a shark rose
to you. The men on the fore-castle
saw his figure plain. Before they
could sing out the mate jumped.
The splash he made seemed to fright-
en the shark for a second, for the
fiery line of him vanished. The
mate swam right for him. Some of
your chaps roared out. I suppose
the poor wretch thought they were
deriding him. The next thing seen
was his body hove up to the waist
out of water, and a lashing of white,
shining water about him, then he
just gave one shriek."

"Ha!" said I, shuddering, "I
heard that shriek."

"No one ever again saw the mate.
As for me, I went back to the ship,
and was welcomed by my mates
right heartily."

HOW TO SUCCEED

Don't worry. Don't overwork.
Don't make the field too broad.
Make friends, but don't encourage
favorites.

Keep down expenses, but don't be
penurious.

Keep a high vitality. Sleep well,
eat well, enjoy life.

Stick to your chosen parant, but
not to chosen methods.

Don't tell what you are going to
do—till you have done it.

Make plans for a little way ahead,
but don't cast them in iron.

Don't take fresh risks to retrieve
your losses. Cut them off short.

Be content with small beginnings
—and be sure to develop them.

Be cautious; but when you make
a bargain, make it quietly and boldly.

A regular system of sending out
bills and statements is more effective
than spasmodic dunning.

Have a proper division of work
and neither interfere nor permit in
interference with your employes.

It is better for your credit to
postpone payment squarely than to
pretend to pay by giving a check
dated ahead.

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price and quality. Satisfaction guaranteed.
He will call on all parties that address him
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FACTS vs. PREJUDICE

Prejudice is hard to combat. It cannot be
overcome in a day. More than likely it wasn't
formed hastily. Indeed it may have been
gradually strengthening its hold for years.
For instance, some folks believe Rheumatism
cannot be cured. Their fathers believed so
before them. So did their grandfathers.

Now, RHEUMATISM CAN BE
CURED, notwithstanding this prejudice,
but the trouble is to make people think so.
The only way we know to meet popular un-
belief is to state the PLAIN FACTS, and
then present the POSITIVE PROOFS
that they are facts. It is a fact that the
RUSSIAN RHEUMATISM CURE
not only relieves but banishes Rheumatic
Pain. There is positive proof of it too. It
comes from those who have suffered untold
agony with Rheumatism and have been com-
pletely cured by this remedy. All who have
tried it have had this experience. Some of
them permit us to print their testimony. It
makes quite a little book, which we send free
to any who are interested enough to ask for it.

A complete Russian Rheumatism Cure,
costs \$2.50. If mailed, 10c. additional. If
registered, 10c. more. You'll never need but
one, so the price isn't high. Who wouldn't
give \$2.50 to get rid of Rheumatism?

As yet it cannot be found at the stores, but can be
had only by enclosing the amount as above, and
addressing the American Dispensary,
FRAEDELZER BROS. & CO.,
819 & 821 Market St., Philadelphia.

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through the Kidneys flow the
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containing poisonous matter
taken out of the system. If
the Kidneys do not act prop-
erly this matter is retained,
the whole system becomes
disordered and the following
symptoms will follow: Head-
ache, weakness, pain in the
small of back and loins, flushes
of heat, chills, with disordered
stomach and bowels. You can
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TERS, and when any of these
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selves you can quickly rid
yourself of them by this best
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